Wayland, Aug. 14th, 1878.

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Friend Garrison,

Some two months ago, I sent you my little book called "Aspirations of the World." Did you receive it?

I want you to tell me what you think of Mr. Heyward, and of the justice of his sentence. I remember him as a pleasing young man in the Anti Slavery cause, and, without knowing anything about it, I have been inclined to suppose his motives were clean and disinterested, however mistaken his theories might be. He has written to me from prison, and evidently considers himself a martyr in a good and true cause.

What is called "the social question" is exceedingly loathsome to me. It seems to me an Augean Stable, which no Hercules could cleanse. Unfortunately, I know a good deal about the present diseased state of society, and I feel utterly hopeless concerning a cure. Consequently, I dodge the question whenever its discussion is proposed.

I do not know what Mr. Heyward has really been doing. I only know that the papers accuse him of advocating unlimited "free love". If so, he proposes a remedy worse than the disease, malignant as the disease is. Transient amours would prove disastrous to human happiness and character, even if law and public opinion did not brand them as sins. There has been

a good deal of boasting about the healthy working of the strange system that prevails at Oneida Institute. But a writer, who seems to know about the state of things there, says the women are pale, care-worn, and discontented. How can it be otherwise, when they live under a system, which renders domestic affection impossible?

I think it not unlikely that Heyward has meant well, and I pity him. But I am rather afraid to write to him, lest I should seem to endorse proceedings of which I am ignorant.

This has been a very uncomfortable summer. The fierce heat took all the strength out of me; but it begins to come back now that the nights and mornings are cooler.

Those four planets, which have set the weather ramp[a]ging at such a fearful rate, are rushing nearer and nearer to the Sun. Whoever lives to see 1880 will see hot work, both atmospherically and politi-cally, I am thinking. There is witches' broth a simmering, and Heaven help us when it boils over!

What an audacious thing was Jeff Davis's Speech! When you and I, and so many others, expend-ed our best strength to establish principles of justice in the land, it is a burning shame to have the beneficent effects of our labors so frustrated by selfish and knavish politicians.

With love to Frank, and kindly greeting to Miss Otis, I am
Yours cordially, L. M. Child.